And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtayn'd wife to my ſweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris*: wenſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall runne,
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe but ſurceaſe
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The Roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To paly aſhes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he ſhuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our Countrey is,
In thy beſt Robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy Kindreds graue:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lye,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant ioy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous

In this reſolue, ile ſend a *Frier* with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall h
Farewell deare Father.
Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurſe, *and*
uingmen, two or three.
Ca. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, goe hire me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for ile try if th
their fingers.
Ca. How canſt thou try them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot lic
fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers g
me.
Ca. Goe be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſht f
what is my daughter gone to *Frier Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Ca. Well he may chance to doe ſome good on
A peeuiſh ſelfe-will'd Harlotry it is.
Enter Iuliet.
Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with mer
Ca. How now my head-ſtrong, where haue you
ding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition,
To you and your beheſts, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To begge your pardon, pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you,
Ca. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iu. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becommed loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Ca. Why I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand vp,
This is as't ſhould be, let me ſee the County:
I marrie, goe I ſay, and fetch him hither.